

Spirit Caller

VOL. 1 # ISSUE 1 - JULY 2013

Featuring:

Jason Quiggle

Kat Morbid

David Lerner

Carol Powell

Dallas Cleghorn

Cactus Da Poet

Jeffrey Bennington Grindley

Stark R.M.

Marilyn Souza

Marvin Scott Marvin

Zayd Theresa Tammaro

Melissa Vacek

Jimmy Ray West, Jr.

Hash & Hoots

Spirit Caller Magazine
Volume One / Issue One – July 2013
A Dangerous Insect Media Publication

Table of Contents:

3	“The poets congregate on the graves”	by Jason Quiggle
4	“Another Silly Love Poem”	by Kat Morbid
5	“The Destroyed”	by David Lerner
7	“Do you think the pigs are happy?”	by Carol Powell
14	“Radio Zero”	by Dallas Cleghorn
16	“Dead Fish Mojo Woman”	by Cactus Da Poet
18	“Save Me...”	by anonymous
19	“The Devil Box and the Fork”	by Stark R.M.
21	“How could you?”	by Carol Powell
25	“How it started”	by Dallas Cleghorn
26	“Blah blah blah blah blah blah blegch”	by Marilyn Souza
27	“Drain the blood, Motherfuckers!”	by Marvin Scott Marvin
32	“Ground Zero”	by David Lerner
36	“Losing Freedom”	by Stark R.M.
37	“Something for martyrs and lovers to choke on”	by Jason Quiggle
39	“Heroin.”	by Zayd Theresa Tammaro
40	“Coping Mechanism”	by Melissa Vacek
41	“Window Scrub”	by Jeffrey Bennington Grindley
42	“In the Cracks”	by David Lerner
44	“In Defense Of Sheep”	by Stark R.M.
45	“The darkness that feeds on darkness itself”	by Marvin Scott Marvin
49	“Wake up with nothing”	by Jimmy Ray West, Jr.
52	“The Absence of a Moon”	by Dallas Cleghorn
53	“Shave and Keep Moving Forward”	by Stark R.M.
54	“Defending Freedom”	by Marvin Scott Marvin
56	“Hash & Hoots”	by Marvin Scott Marvin
57	Contributors and Collaborators	

The Poets Congregate on the Graves

The poets congregate on the graves.

We no longer use tombstones
They realize.

The poets congregate in the mud

small vid-screens displaying pictures and home videos.
Life condensed into an endless loop
Birthday married dead.

The poets eating their own hate poems burnin' em and smearin' the ashes on their own faces.

The poets congregate on the ruin of a once great wonder of the world,

An Edifice flaccid they stroke their pencils leopard like with teeth marks and three hundred dollar stolen 14 kt pens that don't even work very well and they stroke their laptops with electronic Endust and they weep one letter at a time one tear at a time one vapor at a time one one vapor at a time one vapor at a time.

The poets congregate in the public urinal and none of them can remember how to pee furtively sneaking glances at each other making each other nervous trying to relax all the muscles that so many years ago had congregated in their pelvis and have now betrayed them in the midst of so many truthful eyes

In the rubble the poets stumble unable to stand up to the tumult,
They left the truth long ago but it has found them...
What to do, what to do?

The world is a sword,
Where is yours...

Pencil-dick?

- Jason Quiggle

Another Silly Love Poem

Sitting here, wondering, questioning:
What in the world were they thinking?!
Just what the world needs,
Another silly love poem.
How unique and original they rave,
As alone they sit, it's attention they crave.
Well, as for me, you can give me
Some realism, some criticism;
Some "Shut the fuck up, you bitch,
And get in the car!" kind of shit.
All that sappy love shit I will pass.
Give me a "Bitch? I'll show you bitch!"
And you've got my ear;
For not all the world is bodies entangling
With hearts atwitter,
As more often than not it is filled with
Hearts empty and bitter.
So, give me some realism, some criticism;
Some "Oh yeah, mother-fucker?
Well, your brother's dick is a whole lot bigger."
Now then, you've got my full attention.

- Kat Morbid

The Destroyed

the destroyed live with panic the way
others do with morning cough

the destroyed have great stories
all of them true, especially the lies

the destroyed are exciting, like a car wreck

the destroyed do a mean tango in Hell

the destroyed dress for every climate
they know what to do with rags

I've seen the destroyed make themselves up with
nothing but blood and look ravishing

the destroyed don't need address books, they
remember things

the destroyed have a talent for raw pain
a knack for complex self-destruction
great skill at running away
a genius for sleeping anywhere

the destroyed get up 'Round Midnight

the destroyed are too proud to beg but do it
anyway, for the experience

the destroyed are fantastic dreamers, even in
their sleep

the destroyed are as crafty as raccoons

the destroyed come in all sexes, many colors, and
endless contexts

the destroyed may make it yet, but it
won't be their fault

the destroyed have it made

the destroyed are only patriotic to the
Kingdom of Heaven

the destroyed scream like music and fall
like towers

cry like birds and swoon like Jesus

the destroyed crash and burn then catch a ride
going south of no north

the destroyed can't give up, it's not polite

- David Lerner

From his book "I Want A New Gun" which is available from Zeitgeist Press:
<http://www.zeitgeist-press.com/>

This poem published with permission from [Zeitgeist Press](#).
["Poetry you can actually read."](#)
(Thanks to Bruce Isaacson.)

“Do You Think The Pigs Are Happy?”

art by Carol Powell



- Carol Powell

“Do you think the pigs are happy?”



- Carol Powell

"Fame is useless."



“Why do we fall in love with objects...?”

- Carol Powell

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE



GOING NOWHERE FAST



“More than meets the eye.”

- Carol Powell

some choices are obvious.

How Do I Know?



“Some choices are obvious.”

- Carol Powell



“Stubborn.”

- Carol Powell



- Carol Powell

"Wish you were here."

“Radio Zero”
art & poetry by Dallas Cleghorn



- Dallas Cleghorn

Radio Zero

The wise man
will always own the antenna
that leads to the info god.
He seems to think it odd
that this glorious noise
is heard only by him.
At the end of it all he will
still be sitting,
still be flitting
through the stations on the dial
ignoring the fact
all is denied
DYING TO BE BORN AGAIN.

- Dallas Cleghorn

Dead Fish Mojo Woman

She's got pink eye shadow
spray painted across her face.

Watermelon lip gloss and a
pocket full of bullets with a
backpack full of
Valentine's Day cards she has
never found the time to mail.

She drinks Jager from
spent shotgun shells
on her arms are a couple of
jailhouse tattoos that she wears
with pride along with some
Chuck Taylor All-Stars
with skulls drawn on the
white rubber toes.

She drives an old station wagon
with suicide doors, and gives
chewing tobacco to kids
there's a dead chicken in her window
there's salt in front of her bedroom door.

She wears a pink brassiere that was
signed by John Wayne himself
and smokes the big ass
cigars.

She calls every Blues man
she meets "Daddy"
greet every punk rocker
who's a little hardcore
with a kiss, a rose, and a
bottle of wine.

She cusses like a sailor
uses barb-wire to floss
paints pictures of volcanoes

going off.

She hangs out with lounge lizards
pirates and ninjas on
Tuesday nights and spends
her free time trying to overthrow
the government.

She can bench press a Cadillac
and does internet porn, and she
can butcher a cow faster than
you can say

"Damn, that was fast!"

She's got six or seven scars
from a switchblade knife
and a crooked nose from
one too many bar fights
she has a pet rattlesnake
named Rocky
that she made into boots
and an "I love P.E.T.A."
t-shirt under her
black mink coat.

She puts Tabasco sauce
on her ice cream cuz
she likes to feel the burn
mixed with the chill.

She slam dances with
midgets
and torments lesbians
by blowing them kisses.

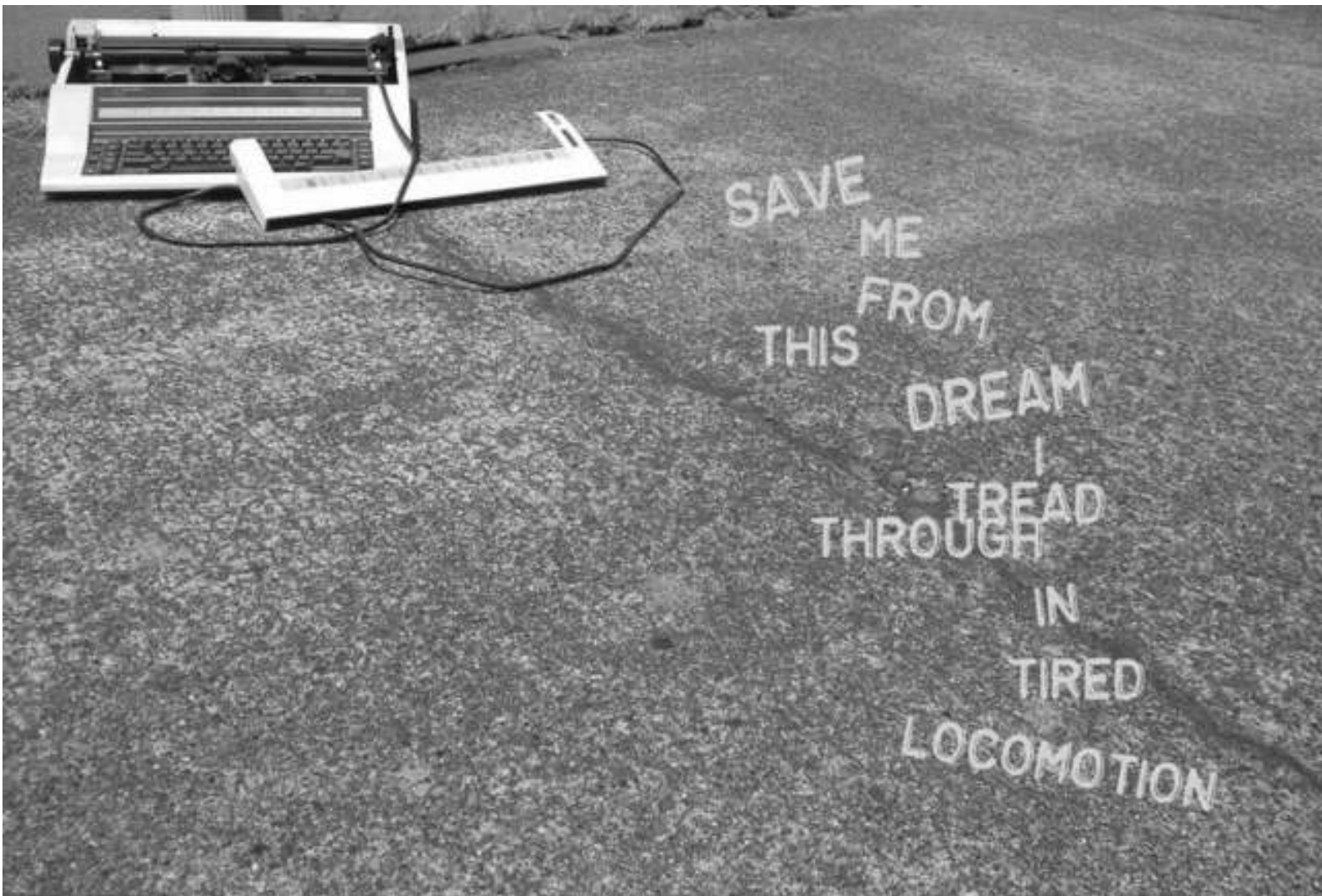
And I think she is the
tuffest woman
I have ever known.

The truth be told this
dead fish mojo woman

is the only girl I have
ever loved e'nuff to
simply hand her the
keys to my soul.

- Cactus Da Poet

from his chapbook “Dead Fish Mojo Woman”



anonymous

The Devil Box and the Fork

It started with boredom. My parents banished television from our home when I was eight years old. Yeah, no, really. For ten years I had no TV in my childhood. A large chunk of my peer group's shared memories will forever hold them in a flimsy common bond that I can never share. A lot of shitty sitcoms and some good "news" reporting is missing from my history. On the playground, I heard the fragmented recounting of the humorous and serious doings. Always, I was the outsider; the curiosity; the excluded during those exchanges. And I yearned for that TV! The parents heard voices. Angelic choruses. God, yes herm (or sheem), found these two fascinating, so personal chats occurred. That is what I was lead to believe and I played along since I was powerless to affect any change. One voice said the TV was Satan's haunt and must go. So, if I recall correctly, the TV was given to friends. Now I assume those were pagan or heathen friends. I probably have that wrong, though, cash must have been involved.

We moved. From the small town of my birth to the big city. From "Hicksville" to cosmopolitan, sophisticated, suburbia. All the neighbors were natives and up to the minute about the local mores. I spoke "funny". My words were the same, but my dialect brought smiles, laughter and derision. I was live TV! I made friends with natives and they taught me the proper way to say words such as flower and bag and aunt. We did things outside our homes and connected as humans. TV, though, was a large part of their vocabulary and I could not study that homework. I begged God's servants to relent. Constantly my pleading fell on deaf ears. Our home would have no Devil box. In hope of a loophole, I visited friends before their favorite programs were aired and made a point to wait for them. Less than a handful of attempts were successful. My parents had phoned the other parents and passed instructions from God. There was to be no TV for me. Friends' families would politely cast me out at 7 in the evening.

Books, I read books to fill the hours. I read books until the clocks would shift from their slow, tedious, tick-tock to a purr or hum. In those moments of delusion I would put down the books and marvel at the passage of time. Warping and flowing, roaring in my ears. I would slowly leave the house, creeping rather than walking. With baby steps outside to wonder how I had sped up while others moved at the pace of glaciers. Their words stretched out to odd lengths. Expressions frozen on their faces as they nearly seemed motionless. The spell would break after a few or several minutes and I would return to my reading.

Then God told Mother I should not read more than I enjoy creation. Banished books were returned to library shelves and outside mischief beckoned. On the off-season, when TV offered reruns, friends would join my post-dusk fun. The river. The park. The school. A neighbors house. I found ways to amuse my monkey self. Destructive ways as I lashed

out at any available target. I jumped fences, found chain-link holes, climbed buildings and pranked neighbors in their sleep.

On a rerun night I was being a bad influence on Perry. Perry had strict parents, but He had TV. Perry had an angry and abusive father, but He had TV. He doubted my story of creepy-crawling the neighbors. Across from Perry lived a special family. By vocation the father made the family special. He taught at the junior high school. He was an authority figure and Perry dared me to bring him proof that I could creepy-crawl that house. I slipped over the fence and opened the back door to enter the kitchen. In those days the windows had a security flaw that allowed you to unlock them from the outside. I took a piece of flat-ware from the rack by the sink and I watched TV over the family's shoulders. They sat together on their sofa, content with the content streaming from the box. I was watching TV! And in that purple-glow moment I was already too far down the road to delinquency to return to television's warm, dull, bosom of banality.

I left before the commercial break. I gifted the fork to Perry and left him as He gaped at me from his lawn. We both knew, at that point, I was outside the social order. I did not know where the path was leading but I wanted excitement in my future. Perry was happy to return to his TV. We drifted apart as friends, became neighbors nodding over the fence. I believe that fork left Perry with an uneasy, threatened feeling. I saw pity in his eyes before that night. He may have doubted the information that I gave regarding my life and thoughts and abilities but the fork seemed to confirm it all. After that fork passed to his hands his face wore less pity and more a mask of civil indifference.

I think that fork left Perry with the opinion that an algebra teacher articulated to me years later. He said, "My heart bleeds for you. You are going to jail." I nodded. "You are going to prison." I nodded. "You are going to Hell!" I smiled. "Don't you care?", He queried. "I'm tough, I can take it.", I replied. Tears welled in His eyes as he dismissed me from his desk. Outside his world-view, I smiled through the rest of his class. I couldn't hear God and didn't care.

- Stark R.M.

“How Could You?”
art by Carol Powell



- Carol Powell

“How could you?”



- Carol Powell

"I will picture myself perfect."



- Carol Powell

“Proof the boundaries are only imagined.”



- Carol Powell

"Stay Safe."

How It Started

In many ways we can never know.
Lines get crossed.
Intersect.
If cults
are the root of culture
then hidden truths
or whatever,
are not as occluded
as we imagined
they would be.
Perhaps lies are most
evident, scabrous
haunting, forever healing.
But, I found I could change my mind.
Set all other plans
in Desire's continuous motion.
I finally see the fruits
as they drop
to the earth.
They say in their way
that there were two trees
in a garden.
From where I sit there is a whole forest,
a whole rich continuous
growing world.
One is not the only number we know.

- Dallas Cleghorn

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blegch

rooker, fuckers...

i want marshmallow shoes and kerosene legs...

i want the velvet in the sky to remember my name...

i want the yardbirds to cruise overhead...

i want the milk man to hide in my bed...

i want the maple tree to burn up in flames...

i want the monogram to stay on the stain...

i want fickle freedom...

i want drainpipes and firetrucks and hot blood racing...

i want pile driving and carpet burn...

i want redrum weddings and swallowing the worm...

i want this time, the next, and the last...

i want a field of posies and tulips and the fucking pope to
shit in his hat...

i want this disheveled honor to be worn by my own
creature...

i want laser marked chests with eyes that piss themselves
in fear...

i want the transparency of nakedness...

i want the trembling nervousness of being fully clothed...

i want the bottom of that lake...

and i want the sky as well...

- Marilyn Souza

from her chapbook "Finding the Ultimate Treasure"

“Drain the blood, motherfuckers!”

Drain the blood, motherfuckers!
they passed me the note
"to the guy on the end:
drain the blood,
let us hear it"
I want to try something different this time
I'm going to slice you on this side instead
exchange blade for brush and paint the town red

drain the blood motherfuckers
check the vein closely to verify inside information
the transmission fluid of coded messages
the transportation of the nourishment necessary
to supply the cells with enough energy
to make the motion
signal the change in direction
drain the blood
down a different tube
one which ends in a spigot
at the hospital where wounded monsters convalesce
fill the chalice from that sacred source
not with the cheap stuff spilled so frequently
rather the royal line
the blue stuff once so thick
now diluted and diminished
just dribbling drops

drain the blood motherfuckers
bodies collide
where they collect in the pit
the intricate intimate
slam dance of syringes and plungers
put this in the proper vein
a direct application of medication

drain the blood motherfuckers
with razors for wrists
and bullets for brain-cases
it takes too long for the pills to dissolve
work their way into the system

be transported to the destination
where the pain is felt most specific
the torn muscle tissue red with iron and oxygen
flexing in convulsions
the seizure of the moment
when we
drain the blood motherfuckers

how much more can I share
before I'm completely drained
the blood type
the genome
the hormone
the pheromone
the sidewalk splatter
where I fell so hard
that one time
when I leaped without looking
because life is too exciting
to consider the consequences
of the incomplete sequences
the missing mitochondrial information
static overwhelming the station
the transmission of this statement
direct in this command
drain the blood motherfuckers

here I am
no longer hiding
opening up for you
to show my heart
squeezed in shoving hands
it pulses to this day
pushes chemicals both ways
a perfect solution
solved in the slicing
the opening
the spilling
the splattering
we call it art
we call it autopsy
we call it exploring the inside

we call it as we see it
so we do it
drain the blood motherfuckers

meet me at the market
where you can find me hanging
dangling from that hook
skinned and prepared for the butcher's blade
ready to be filleted
to offer you the choicest cuts
with inner working exposed
following this single scent molecule
on the tip of the hound's nose
to where the trail grows cold
ends in circumstantial evidence
because the body has been
too cleverly disposed

drain the blood motherfuckers
pack my limbs in a suitcase
left beside the highway
at mile marker six six six
where the lip was split
as it kissed the fist
in a passionate blaze of crimson tears
and scarlet lost love letters
that scared and scarred prey
struggling against the fetters
the teeth of the trap
into which it innocently stepped
now quickly educated
on how the blood lust is satiated
as captive impatiently awaited
the return of the hunter
who left this device behind
with our sweet flesh on his mind
the making of meals for monster children
drain the blood motherfuckers
the one who listens hears
throbbing pulsing rushing in the ears
the noise will never cease
at last aware of steady rate or increase

we finally get the message
the meaning of that blood on the door
framing our freedom from death
displaying the dispelling of our debt
displacing the drops of liquid less thick
the replacing of fuel for the wick
we finally get it now
how could we not want more
anyway
anyhow

drain the blood motherfuckers
bite me
hard to break the surface
vultures or vampires or leaches
ticks and fleas
you play insect to my godhead
suck me off
into the abyss
eternal night
where the red light turns black
as the blood dries on the page
where we signed our names
agreed to the contract killing
drain the blood motherfuckers
feast on the meat that remains
an ample supply from the sounds of this
screaming in the dark
as the blood drains from faces
confronted by the horror
being honored with the honest answer
every rose must die
try not to bloom too soon
this garden a gift of the flesh
born with thorns to tear
scratching at the surface
finding the fresh artery
the death mask artistry
from the first drop
to the last splash

drain the blood motherfuckers

it's all I've got to give now
the platelets the plasm
that last dying spasm
final primal scream session
in death's bed confession
I murdered
to manufacture the martyr
because I thought
I was so much smarter
with this swelling in my brain

drain the blood motherfuckers
pass on dumb
hand down the death rattle
to the children at play
penned in cribs of old wood
stained red
with nails rusting
fingerprints for the dusting
every homeland a crime scene
every sequence a dream
morphing into nightmares
with the waking to reality
where the fresh stuff is the best stuff
and the demand is just insatiable

drain the blood motherfuckers
scribbling with hot knife and invisible ink
I wrote my life story in the flesh
carved across my chest to match
the marks of correction on my backside
drain the blood motherfuckers
because God is in the middle of her menstrual cycle
we only have to wait this out
while she screams
drain the blood motherfuckers

drain the blood...
drain the blood...

- Marvin Scott Marvin

Ground Zero

whenever I say things like
"poetry is a lethal weapon"

my friends get nervous

I can't really blame them

they've visited me in
enough loony bins and dryouts
to know that

the line I walk between
image and fact

is sometimes thin indeed

I've fought my share of battles where
the only blood spilled
was inside my head...

Brecht said
he didn't write his plays
to warm the cockles of the bourgeois heart

now he was bragging, but

what with freebase, croissants, all-talk radio and
credit card blow jobs

we're already entertained to death...

and when I say things like
"poetry's a war"

my friends look at me careful
and measure the whites of my eyes
against the blue of my nerves
and sigh

hopefully poised for ironic topspin

but ready to call my doctor
in the middle of the
night

I stare back at them blank-eyed

just because I'm crazy
doesn't mean I
don't make sense

if I sometimes tilt at windmills
head first

it's probably because
I need a new head...

and when they ask why
I say how

when they ask how
I say when

and when I say when
they say

"But I have to go to the doctor
that week"

or, "I'm busy with my dogs"

or, "I'd rather eat Chinese"

or

it sounds good on paper
but what's in it for me

Nothing, I reply

nothing at all

except a chance to drink fire from a glass
and spit it back in some asshole's face

nothing but a license to
chase the Devil around the block
with a big blue sword
that is sharper than his horns

nothing I can run down in a heartbeat
or prove with math

but I cross my soul and
swear to kill

if I'm lying...

the world can eat itself alive
for another 1000 years
for all I care

I was never much good at
abstract compassion

I just want a moment of truth
so vast

that all the lights on the planet
dim for a second...

we're right at ground zero
the times are suffused with murder
perfect with disbelief

and I say

take an emotion
and file it to a point
with everything you have and haven't

shoot it through the laser
that beats in our bones

turn the sound up
way past 10
and don't sweat the distortion...

and who knows

perhaps one day we'll come to
a fine and deadly pleasure

one free breath

- David Lerner

from his book "The Last Five Miles to Grace" This poem published with permission from [Zeitgeist Press](#). "[Poetry you can actually read.](#)" (Thanks to Bruce Isaacson.)



- F. Stop Marvin

"Street Crazy"



- Stark R.M.

“Losing Freedom”

Something for martyrs and lovers to choke on

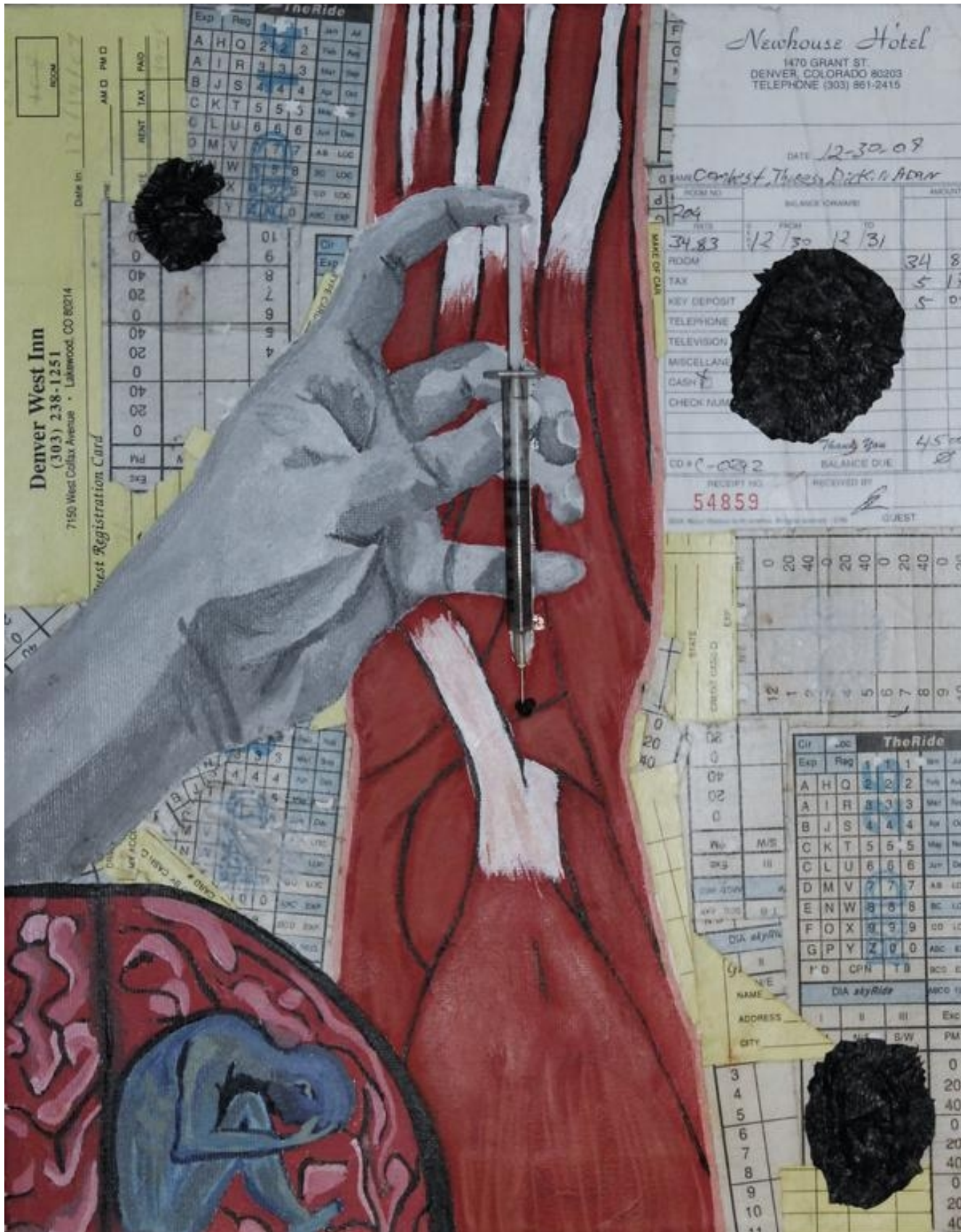
i'm in my trembling backyard
with the spirit of my anger and
my dead children who,
escaped from heaven,
creep like bugs
under the slab of granite that is God's eye-
we commiserate and
pretend to be invisible-
secretly though,
we know we are being watched
and take perverse pleasure
in it here where i buried
all these same babies i had given birth to
strangled from my cock
like water rung out from a stiff rag
knowing
and gleeful
that i was being watched and loved
as my fingers roamed
and scratched
and kneaded the hearts of my lovers
their
eyes still open and
tongues lolling
molested by the spirit of my anger
rubbing furious until more babies came out
in dirty spurts so voluminous
that I screamed in tongues
my ass in the air with a white candle in it
lit and melting
wax cooling like lava on a remote
volcano
growing
spinning off islands for my babies to die on
blinded by ash
and deafened by the trumpet of the Lord
squalling radiation as the sun
all of them pissing themselves and seizing
as He returns-

strangling -
making love-
trying to make it last-
pushing it
and pushing it
till its done
and pushing it
some more
until it disappears into their bodies forever
their bodies beaten and bloodied forever
their bodies the stars in the skies of God's
pornography forever their bodies scurrying in the backyard of Heaven
hearing the call to come home
"it's getting dark"

my body
surrounded now
with the imps of my vanity
burning
my body
in his stare
which cannot turn away
watching forever in love
with a heart full of wrath breaking-
in his heart where i rest
fitfully,
burrowing
seeking sustenance,
starving.
my own heart
sick from these obscenities and
from watching him as well
from this hole in his heart
where i'm
casting my fallen and cadaverine teeth as runes
trying to divine his cruelty
and his will

- Jason Quiggle

“Heroin.”



- Zayd Theresa Tamarro

Coping Mechanism

Pin pricked, drawn blood, and bandaged wounds.
Picked open scars,
Which satisfies the hunger of past consumed.
The warmth of red, clots and hardens,
Her Great Wall.
Break it down,
Tear it open.
Feel the rush of rivers coursing veins
Ride her rapids,
Drown the empty river's bed and lay.
Lie...
She'll rest her weary mind,
Exciting fantasies not as real...
As her razor blades and knives.
Locked in a box,
Secret tragedies abide.
Veiled by denial,
A deeper cut a canyon split divides,
The world to unrecognizable proportions.
Alas just a distortion of her perception.
Wanting HELP!...
But for the fear of question,
Relinquishes back to her obsession.
To make sense easy this affliction.
Open wounds exit her bleeding heart corrected.
She is not shambles,
But ashamed of her own reflection.

- Melissa Vacek

“Window Scrub”



- Jeffrey Bennington Grindley

In The Cracks

there are people who live in the
cracks
begging nothing, even when they
must
humble and wild

there are people in the cracks
who hide from sunlight
because it is controlled by
the others

moving swiftly in the dark
guided by stolen radar
and dreams too strange to
die

there's a beat in the cracks
you've got to hush to hear it
a frayed and distant signal
fading in and out
shifting in the wind

you got to walk slow in the cracks
and beware snipers
in the shadows

if you walk slowly enough
they will not even see you

you've got to be strong in the
cracks, because
they widen into fissures
fantastic pressure leaking inch by inch
scoring the concrete with its plans

in the cracks there is violent music
brilliant laughter

at 4 in the morning
your heart bursts into fire
and you weep

- David Lerner

from his book "The Last Five Miles To Grace" This poem published with permission from [Zeitgeist Press](#). "[Poetry you can actually read.](#)" (Thanks to Bruce Isaacson.)



- Carol Powell

"Watch out, Bear."

In Defense Of Sheep

The sheep gaze upwards in wonder
at bloodless cattle deposited on neighboring land.
Ranchers curse their losses,
yet nothing slows the flow of patties.
We have more money and guns and cars and trucks
and busty blondes
than all the envious world.
We may be livestock, unknowing our role.
We may be huddled masses, happy in our stadiums.
We are not sheep.
On the asphalt, stone, and dirt roads of Rome,
Lima, Mumbai, and Tangiers,
We stand as a glittery example of high life.
In our reality, there is no gold to sweep from our streets.
We stand as a temple of avarice.
Here, the bold and bad can grab a stack.
Here, Ponzi can be a millionaire again.
Here, the law applies not – until it does.
Loopholes and angles and dodges feed our books.
We are predator, not prey.
We are the mites on the fleas on the backs of ticks.
We are sucking at the heart of the world
as we drive, bumper-to-bumper, to watch rich men
running in circles.
The worst habit for which you may blame sheep
is their appetite for roots,
which must have evolved for a reason.

- Stark R.M.

The darkness that feeds on darkness itself

today I went to the book store
with not enough money in my pockets
to purchase even a magazine
I contented myself to browse
in the poetry aisle for amusement and
enlightenment beginning with
Laws For Creations
continuing on with
The Night Torn Mad With Footsteps
and moving over to
Fear Of Dreaming
before concluding with a little
Roadside Dog

somewhere in there
I read a few of The Poems
Of Guantanamo
to expose my soul to more of
the darkness that feeds on
darkness itself
to catch a few squeaks
from out of the wheels of
the war machine as it grinds
more oil for its gears

I choked up a bit
reading about the poem
sent by a little girl
to her father in a far away prison
a brief and innocent rhyme
which did not escape
the censor's black marker
leaving him only six words
"I love you very much, daddy."
as if the rest of it could have been
some sort of coded message
for him to launch Armageddon
from his prison cell

as I was lost
in the holy ecstasy of poetry
in its own
month of national celebration
I was interrupted in my rapture
by the amplified voice of
Marilu Henner hawking her latest book
I was amused to
hear her explain that
she has never been in Huntington Beach
before today
as if this were some far off exotic land
and her transport plane had just touched
down under heavy sniper fire
then I was delighted to
hear her tell the assembled audience
how important their health is
encouraging them to eat organic
endorsing exercise
admonishing them to resist
unhealthy urges

after a little talk
she answered questions from the audience
nine out of ten having nothing
to do with the subject of her book
most of them wanting to know some
trivia about celebrity and show business
obviously they overwhelmingly cared
more about the inconsequential
than they did about living well

I began to wonder
if maybe her crusade
to save the health of these people
from themselves was misguided
maybe the world would be better off
if they all died of cancer
or
heart attacks hopefully
before the next election

because maybe
these were the same people
who voted for George W Bush
twice
who think John McCain is a "maverick"
who watch FOX "News"
and believe it to be "fair and balanced"
who say things like
"Guantanamo is too good for those people"
or
"waterboarding is not torture"
or
"We should nuke Iran"

I did my best to
give them the benefit of the doubt
after all they were in a book store
presumably they know how to read
but did they know what to read
probably not if they needed a celebrity
to tell them how to care for themselves
I kept hoping that
maybe they were opening up and
maybe they were beginning to live
but the longer I listened
I realized that
my hope for an intelligent question was
all in vain
for there they were with their eyes shut
not just lost in it
they were a part of it
the darkness which feeds on
darkness itself

having had enough at that point
I emerged from the poetry aisle
and finally caught a glimpse of her
whom had until then only been
a disembodied voice in my ear
she signed her name in the book
set it down in front of her and
posed for a photo

I walked to the escalator and
as I rode it down to the first story
a woman a few steps behind me
chatted on her phone to her father
about how she had waited in line to
acquire the author's autograph
on the two copies of the book
she had purchased
one of which was intended as a gift
for her mother
not a bad idea
but I had to wonder
if she is not simply continuing the usual
program of consuming
for the sake of consumption
and
if either of them would bother
to read the book
especially after I heard her
misquoting the title
with the book in her hand.

- Marvin Scott Marvin

Wake Up With Nothing

Are you happy in this world that we've created?
Don't you see what's all around?
How 'bout you listen to my verse before you tell me that you're down
With committees commissioned
To strapping you to the ground
While you sign away your freedoms
Unaware of warning sounds
From all the angels trying to help ya'
Open up your eyes
Trying to tell of the vicious lies
They're selling you disguised
At a 'One Time Only! Low, Low Price!'
I'll be right there with 'em saying
'This shit ain't right!'
We gotta stand up for our freedoms in our father's lands
So we can put the power back in our hands
It's time to step away from the rat racing
From the fast pacing
From the drug taking
From the hypocritical bureaucratic little sheeple people in fear of extermination
I say 'FUCK 'EM!'
This placing needs a space station
So I can get out of here
How can I make this clear?
My favorite view of this planet involves a rear view mirror
'Cause I think the end is near
We gotta realize there's more to life than
Fucking
Fighting
And Fear
Where is the peace?
What about love?
What about curiosity for the heavens up above?
'Cause it's not about this planet
It's about this universe
We can't focus on the hocus pocus of a select few telling you our lives are cursed
We can't spend all our time locked inside a little box
With commercials and bad dramatizations as the essence of our thoughts

We gotta steer clear of that nonsense
Like you I've been stuck there with a false sense of security
Worriedly biting my nails
And biding my time
Fucking with females
And writing my rhymes
But now I think that I'm losing my patience
Don't think I can take this much more than I have already
We're in a downward spiral and it's churning steady
The noose is made and ready
And if we hang ourselves we're gonna go to hell
But it won't be any better than this prison cell that we're livin' in
It's time to punish the sins
Of the men behind the curtain
Why do you think they're hiding?
They know their fate is certain if we only knew the truth
So educate yourself and I'll be right there with you

'Cause I don't need no chip
America wasn't built for this
I don't need no chip
Nor does any human that will ever exist
I won't take your shit
I done told you once, now I'll tell you with fists
I won't ever quit
You're gonna have to kill me, bitch!

And I jest
But only a little
I wear bullet-proof vests
'Cause they protect the middle
And I know the heads the most important
But you can't be too afraid
Yeah, even when you've lost it all you can still have faith
You can survive on it
You can thrive on
You gotta strive for it
But they say nothing worth having comes easy anyway
And that statement will hold true until your dying day
So, Man Up
Don't be afraid of fear
You need to stand up

And fight for your right to do whatever the fuck you please
It's better to live on your feet than to die on your knees
And I quote
'Give me liberty, or give me death!'
A great man once said this
And my dying breath
Will exhale a line similar but not quite the same
And maybe another Joe Schmoe can forget my name
That's all I'm asking
I ain't looking for no big head
You don't have to remember the person, just remember what they said
And when they speak words that fuel a fire in your soul
Stand Up
Act Out
Do Something
Before you're too damn old

And we don't need no chip
America wasn't built for this
We don't need no chip
Nor does any human that will ever exist
We won't take your shit
We done told you once, now we'll tell you with fists
We won't ever quit
You're gonna have to kill us, bitch!

- Jimmy Ray West, Jr.



- Dallas Cleghorn

Shave and Keep Moving Forward

The mud circled the fire
again.

The apes, unperturbed, continued their games
of
kill
and
steal.

Freedom is but a word spoken
void of meaning or substance.

Muster the best life you can
despite all neglect.

Make with the morbid humor
even as the shackles tighten.

Loose your last movement for spite
as they aim for your temple
so they may comprehend
the nasty business they conduct.

- Stark R.M.

Defending Freedom

it is the poet
not the soldier
who defends our liberty

the poet with his pen
slashes at the roots of evil
while the soldier sits on a branch
shooting at random nuts

the poet stands up and speaks
the poet stands out
to address the crowd
to shout
"there is tarnish on the crown!"

the soldier stands in line
awaiting orders
locked in the chain of command
serving in serfdom

the poet takes no orders
rather he does
exactly what he feels
championing freedom

if you have free speech
it is only because there were poets
who gave it liberal exercise
attempting to prevent the eventual atrophy

you are free
not because a soldier is willing
to kill or die for an idea

you are free
because of the poets across the ages
willing to be punished
for disagreeing
dissenting

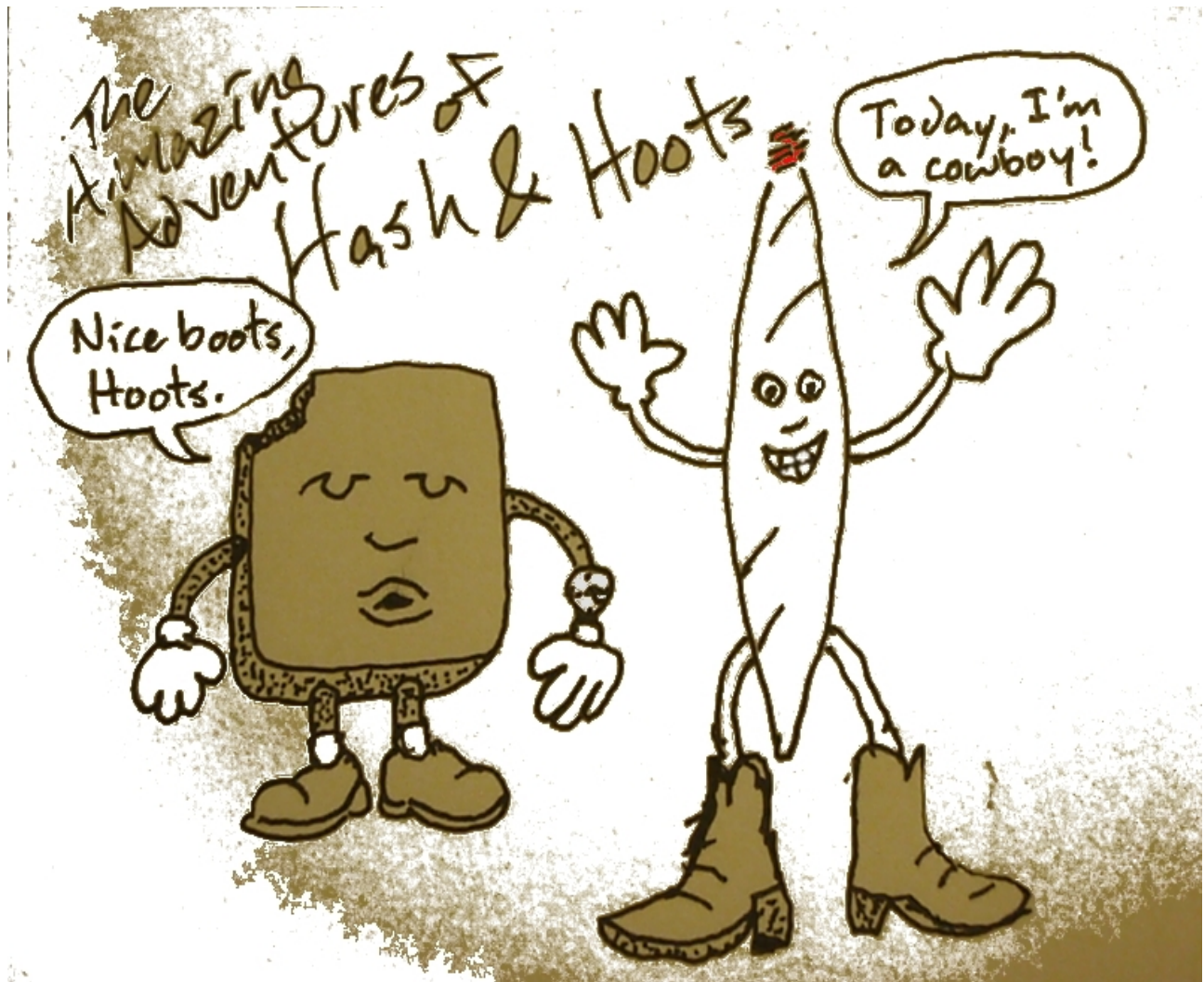
for defending their right to
a difference of opinion

there is no greater champion of freedom than
the poet who stands up to the crowd and
shouts "**Fuck you!**"

you are free
not because some soldiers died
in a battle for soil
but rather because some poets were imprisoned
tortured for having a mind of their own

remember that
the next time they raise the flag and
demand that you salute
raise your middle finger and
give them a poem.

- **Marvin Scott Marvin**



- Marvin Scott Marvin

Hash & Hoots

Contributors and Collaborators

About Jason Quiggle:

Jason Quiggle was born somewhere in New York , during the blizzard of '76. He has lived since that time in many places including California, Germany, Texas and Nevada. He spent most of his life in Las Vegas, Nevada where he did a lot of drugs and wrote things. Sometimes he participated in other artistic endeavors including the noise-art band Nature Boy infamous for its spirited, anarchic performances. Jason is best known for his poetry, particularly his performances of them, which are known for their intensity, sincerity, vulnerability and shockingly vivid imagery both obscene and beautiful-throwing down complex messages and bare it all confessions like gauntlets-contradicting and coalescing until the poems burst. Some folks have put things Jason has written into their publications. The city of Las Vegas printed his words in the cement of a public works project along with other notable Vegas writers. Jason now lives in Seattle, Washington with his woman. He still writes and sometimes reads to other people, if they are lucky.

* * *

About Kat Morbid:

Kat is a single mother and works as a nurse at a home for disabled adults in Texas.

* * *

About David Lerner:

David Lerner expected poetry to save the world. He expected this quite literally and concretely. He expected both to change the culture around him, and to change his own position in life. He expected poetry to reawaken the primacy of feeling in modern life like some dormant gland. He expected poets to take the helm of modern culture, and steer us toward a future where the human soul is restored of meaning. A wild, impractical dream, perhaps, but let me not live in a world where such a dream is only madness.

Lerner gave everything to his poetry, even to the point of madness. He sought, through poems, to re-balance the contradictions of power and feeling that warp modern life. Lerner was a rebel, in both the best and worst sense. He refused to accept the inhumanity that rules society, and insisted the world adapt itself to his vision of truth, of justice. Any five year old learns the world doesn't work this way, but Lerner was not just anyone. He

had a genius for exposing the web of impossible lies which rule just beneath the surface, and showing them for the carnal growls of the beast in man. He did this in poetry-compelling images rung clear as a bell, well-honed lines, a unique poetic style which draws us in through humor, then works on the conscience like a corrosive acid.

Lerner was a sort of modern prophet, the sort that perhaps the modern world deserves. Hassled, over-burdened, consumed by the culture of consumption, hounded by money and haunted by the flood of soulless images which assault our feeling selves, Lerner wrote with fury to change the world. Like his idol, the poete maudit Arthur Rimbaud, Lerner expected impossible things from poetry, and many of the burdens of his life resulted from that. He put himself in an impossible circumstance, attempting unsuccessfully to bring his vision to society through songs, journalism, fiction, publishing, and any medium that might sustain him while allowing him to remain true. He was constitutionally incapable of compromising his vision. Much of the best of what Lerner has to offer is still buried in his letters and his life. Lerner's response to the impossibilities of this life was to quote Rimbaud: "I am of the tribe that sang under torture."

And sing he did. Though there have been only four books to date, thousands of pages of fascinating unpublished material was found in his apartment at the time of his death. Entire poetic styles which he had nurtured and mastered were evident, none of which were released during his lifetime. In addition, Lerner was a master letter writer, and produced another thousand pages of touching personal correspondence on art, literature, life. This material has been lovingly preserved through the efforts of his friends and literary executors.

From the early 1960s David was a member at large of the Fort Hill Community, returning periodically to rest, rehabilitate, re-focus, play music, sing. The group was a stable influence on him in unstable times, particularly his close friendship with Jessie Benton, daughter of the classical American painter Thomas Hart Benton, and George Peper, head of the Fort Hill Construction Company. David felt that his poems would be forever cared for, his memory endure in the hands and heart of his extended family. And so it did. I have read in this archive for hours, and it contains a fullness and depth that surpasses even that mix of humor and vision which made Lerner a poetry phenomenon in mid-1980s spoken word San Francisco.

In his own life (1951-1997), Lerner, sacrificed all for his dream. Tall, 6'4", with a gut and big hair, Lerner was both flint and steel for the flame which consumed him. He was all contradiction, child and monster, bombast and buddy, prince and beggar, he wanted, he once said, to carry himself like the king of a ruined but noble nation. Early on, when I met him, he had thrown over a book advance, resulting from syndicated articles, to pursue his poetry. He'd also given up a moderately successful journalism career because

it interfered with the poetry. As his economic situation became more desperate, he became even more committed to the poetry, to his plans for changing the world. It would be easy to say that this was madness, and indeed there were times when he harvested his own biochemical imbalance like a spring lamb laid on the altar of art. But to know and love David, as I did, was to understand that this was his choice for life, as well as death. He didn't court ruin, but who he was, and chose to be, placed him in the grips of a dream merciful as a hangman's noose. He lived and died entirely devoted to that dream. When has the world made room for such a one?

As a friend, Lerner could be impossible to handle. But he also saw and honored the most fragile part in each of us. He only knew how to love absolutely, and love he did, forthrightly, desperately, with quiet fury and an unmatched private intensity. His wife, Maura O'Connor, in a poem, once described "His Heart and All the Messy Places He Put It." There was no tragic intent. He wanted to live. He wanted to flourish. He wanted inconsolably to bring the dream of poetry to a people that couldn't yet see it. But he lived with poverty and drugs, incarceration and madness. But David Lerner is not so easily dismissed by his worst self. He is entitled, as any poet, to be judged by his best. And his best is exceedingly good: funny, perceptive, endlessly appreciative of beauty, he made a faith of the pure truth of feeling. His images shine with instant, intuitive recognition. The mission of poetry, he once said, is to "drive a cherry-red Mercedes Benz into the heart of hell and place a bet on God."

This he did, and he relied on us, today, readers and friends, to carry that bet this last mile. It is here, in this book, his bet on "the red, white and blue, its measureless promise boiled down to a dollar, for women who've never been touched, and for men who don't know how..." For David Lerner, poetry meant everything. His was a rave for beauty, a scream for sanity, a mad laughing monologue to convince us to honor the eternal in our selves. Are you listening?

-Bruce Isaacson, Las Vegas, Nevada

* * *

About Carol Powell:

STATEMENT:

The majority of my artwork is autobiographical, taken from life moments sometimes past and most often present. The mixed media textiles are a series of layers of paint, drawing and collage media on a substrate of sewn/appliqued mixed vintage fabrics ranging from the 30's to the 60's. I try to merge serious issues with humor (a very important part of my work). The humor makes the darkness of some of the subject matter easier to digest. My sketchbooks, dolls and plush are extensions of the textile art,

I bounce between things in an attempt to keep all of it cohesive. I am inspired by musicians, writers and artists, too many to name. I have shown nationally as well as internationally, and am in collections throughout the Central and Southern California areas.

BIO:

I have been an artist for most of my life, but have been exhibiting professionally since 1990 throughout the United States and Europe. I have two Masters Degrees from California State University, Fullerton. My current work is an exploration of uncontrollable circumstances, the mixed media work is humorous, tragic and autobiographical. they are a mix of fabrics, paint, marker and collage and have a similarity to folk and outsider genres. I have been influenced by many contemporary, folk and commercial artists and inspired by children's books, eastern Indian paintings, and textiles. My artwork is in various collections including the Santa Barbara Museum and California State Polytechnic University, Pomona.

* * *

About Dallas Cleghorn:

Name: Dallas A. Cleghorn

Age: Old enough!!

Bio: I have studied art for most of my life. That includes quite a lot of things: poetry, painting, drawing, tattooing, video, etc. I graduated in 2006 with a Bachelor's in Media Arts from Emily Carr Institute, for what its worth (Hi, student loans!! XOXOX). I'm soon to be releasing a volume of collected poetry entitled: Vesta's Flame. I currently reside in Vancouver, BC Canada.

* * *

About Cactus Da Poet:

The stats:

Was juried upon the Shreveport Writer's registry
Member of the Trapped Truth Poetry Society
2006 lasvegaspoets.org new comer of the year
2007 Las Vegas National Poetry Slam team
2008 Las Vegas Poetry Slam Champion

The facts:

I became a poet because I was broke and a pen and paper was cheaper than going to see the phantom menace in theaters.
I never actually fucked the fat chick.
They will give you head in the massage parlors in Chinatown.
I consider a couple of hooker's close friends.
My best friend is bald.
I consider James Brown as a poetic influence of mine.
I have a warrant for an unpaid speeding ticket.
I watch reruns of Simon & Simon.
I was 18 years old the last time I had my ass kicked in a fight.
I am a Bukowski fan.
I am also a huge Louis Lamour fan.
I was never a boy scout.
I used to make money as a rodeo clown.
Jack Kerouac is really the chief influence that got me writing with serious intent.
I don't drink.
I never smoked weed, pot, tea, whatever.
I am banned from returning to the country of Korea.
I am basically a loner.
I am in a quasi-relationship with a stripper.
My favorite bar is the Double Down.
I like Jazz and Blues more than I do punk rock and hardcore.
I really love to make fun of bi-sexual men to their face.
I consider lesbians competition.
I have a god complex.
I fucking rock.

* * *

About Jeffrey Bennington Grindley:

Jeff is an artist and poet residing in Las Vegas, Nevada. He is former host and co-founder of Word Sculptures. Jeff creates art in a wide range of media.

* * *

About Stark R.M.:

Stark R.M. is the brother of Marvin Scott Marvin. That's all you need to know. Stark R.M. does have a Facebook profile, but he is not interested in being your friend.

* * *

About Marilyn Souza:

Marilyn Souza is half mare, half bear, and entirely ferocious! Marilyn has self-published several chapbooks which are highly recommended by the Spirit Caller Magazine editor.

* * *

About Marvin Scott Marvin:

Marvin is a former open mic host and co-founder of the infamous Radical Thinkers Artistic Coven in Las Vegas. He received his first write up in Las Vegas Weekly in April, 2007, which he finds hilarious for its statements both accurate and inaccurate.

Marvin has been previously published in VIMMAG and Neon Geyser, Porcelain Sky, a poetry journal produced by [Zeitgeist Press](#). He has also self-published two chapbooks of poetry: *Swarming Buzzwords for the Honey Blood* (2006) and *Fourteen Poems About Fucking* (2007).

* * *

About Zayd Theresa Tammaro:

Zayd Theresa Tammaro was born to a wily pentecostal minister and a children's book collector in a quaint suburb of Denver, Colorado. After denouncing God at the ripe age of ten, Zayd spent much of her adolescence in girls homes and mental institutions. At sixteen, her valiant and mischievous cousin Marcus came to her aid. They proceeded to reek havoc in Denver, Las Vegas, and various canyons in between. Atop a mountain, they triumphantly founded the infamous Gothic Taliban. Her rescue and booming success had sufficiently reconciled her with Babylon, so naturally, Zayd left civilization on her baby blue bicycle called Ursula, to live in a fox den in the Rocky Mountains. No one has heard from her since, save the brilliant Marvin Scott Marvin, to whom she occasionally sends a messenger pigeon. The pigeon often carries excerpts of her memoirs, poetry, paintings, and miscellaneous colorful insects packaged carefully in strands of her hair.

* * *

About Melissa Vacek:

My name is Melissa Vacek. I am a Massage Therapist, a mother, a lyricists, and an artist. I have been writing since about 2004. I love writing for the pure enjoyment of emotional expression. It is the ultimate coping mechanism for all that life on life's terms throws at me.

* * *

About Jimmy Ray West, Jr.:

Jimmy Ray West, Jr. is a fast-talking, hard-rocking hick, who just happens to have been born in Saudi Arabia. He was a regular at the Radical Thinkers Artistic Coven in Las Vegas, where he was well known for his machine gun poetry and trance inducing didgeridoo playing. He is the "hick" half of the band Hick and a Wop.

* * *

Spirit Caller Magazine is published by Dangerous Insect Media, and edited by Marvin Scott Marvin. Future issues will be released from time to time, depending on the quality of submitted works and the motivation of the editor.

<https://www.facebook.com/spirit.caller.3>

All works copyright by their creators.

Much thanks to Bruce Isaacson and Zeitgeist Press. <http://www.zeitgeist-press.com/>

